

BILL ARP'S LETTER.

Arp on the Way the Figure 9 Appears in the New Year.

Atlanta Constitution.

1899. I was ruminating about this riddle of the 9's 1 and 8 are 9, and that makes three 9's in a row. 18 are two 9's, and that makes four 9's in a row. The three 9's make 27, and the 2 and 7 make 9. The four 9's make 36, and the 3 and 6 make 9. Maybe this year of the 9's is to be a memento, and we will have peace and prosperity in the land. Maybe the lion will lay down with the lamb, and the nations shall beat their sword-into plowshares and not learn war any more.

Maybe, I say. But there are some signs of peace on this side of the water—peace between the North and the South. McKinley has made a break of it, and if he can control his party, Congress will fix up our Confederate graveyards. Then the next thing will be to pension our Confederate Veterans and widows just like they do the others, and last of all, to apologize. I never will be satisfied until they apologize and beg our pardon.

Any gentleman will do that and feel better for having done it, for they know by this time that they were in the wrong, though it has taken a long time for them to find it out and repent. Surely we are the most forgiving people in the world, or we wouldn't make so much ado over the offer to fix up our graveyards, for the truth is, our women have already fixed them up and our dead are comfortable under their care. But it is a sign of good will and foreshadows an apology in the near future. Tom Reed wants to get ahead of McKinley in the South, and I expect will introduce a Bill of Apology at the next session. Pensions and apologies will be his slogan. It won't take a great deal of money for our veterans and widows, for there are not many left, but it will cause those who are left to live longer, for "Time cuts down all."

Both great and small, Except a pension soldier. They do not die, But multiply And never grow any older."

An old friend told me that the alienation between the North and the South was owing more to diet and climate than it was to slavery or negroes. Said he, they live on cold bread and canned goods and codfish, and drink iced tea, while we live on ham and eggs and rolls and beat biscuit and drink coffee. Their diet is as cold and shivering as their climate, while ours is rich and warm and stimulating like our sunshine. Hence, they are inclined to be coldhearted and selfish. We feasted McKinley down here on Southern food, and warmed him to the heart and made him feel generous and kind, and so he made that Confederate speech and wore that veteran's badge because he felt good inside. If he had stayed down here a few weeks longer he would have spoken for pensions and apologized.

Maybe there is something in that, for I have observed that Northern people who domicile with us for any length of time always take our side and defend us. But my candid opinion is that the classes at the North who are most in the way of peace are editors and preachers. The editors want some scandal to feed their readers on and the abuse of the South is like regular stock in trade and is always in demand. It is a good cement for the party and keeps it solid, for if their readers differ on home politics they can always harmonize by abusing us. The leading New York Republican paper is just as malignant since McKinley made his Southern tour as it was before. Mr. McKinley played on the harmonicon, but the Press won't dance to the music.

As for the preachers, my candid opinion is the majority of them have no more real religion than did Henry Ward Beecher. Like the editors they rely on sensation to fill their pews and their pockets. With a few exceptions, their Thanksgiving sermons had neither love to God nor charity to man, and they went out of the text to give the South a slam or a stab. I used to have great respect and reverence for ministers of the gospel. I really believed they were all ordained of God for the sacred call, but in my later years that reverence has weakened and it seems to me now that most of them are only ordained of men. The pulpit, both North and South, has been degraded and has lost its high standard. Hardly a week passes but some preacher has committed some crime and created a sensation. Churches are torn asunder and the people divided into bitter factions. Sensational preaching is the order of the day, and every now and then a scandal with a woman in the case occurs. Undignified and bitter controversies in the newspapers feed the public mind and delight those who are outside of the pale of the Church. I was called on yesterday for charity for a poor, unfortunate family that lives a few miles away, and was informed that the only daughter, a girl

of seventeen, who could help the aged couple at all, had married an old Baptist preacher of sixty, and after a few weeks he abandoned her and left for parts unknown. The story is a pathetic one and he ought to be caught and sent to Indiana and lynched. This lowering of the standard of morality and good old-fashioned Christian pastoral preaching is especially noticeable in the two great leading denominations of the South. I am gratified to say that the Presbyterian and Episcopal Churches have not yet shocked the public with any ministerial scandal, though their preachers are as a class inferior in pulpit eloquence to those of half a century ago. No minister of the olden times would have carried his sectarianism so far as to seek to expunge from the Presbyterian hymn book that beautiful hymn: "There is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains."

This hymn was composed by William Cowper, the poet, and is embalmed in the sweetest memories of our childhood. But this preacher wishes to have it expunged because he says the third line snatches of baptism by immersion. Oh, my country! And now some of our Atlanta and Nashville preachers are ventilating their political opinions about the war and the Philippines in their pulpits, to the disgust of every hearer who differs with them. They forget that the pulpit is not theirs, and their call was to preach the gospel—not politics.

Well, I suppose that some of our soldier boys of the late war will soon be on the pension rolls. I see that seventy-two of an Ohio Regiment have already applied. Ohio beats the world on pensions, and has learned all the tricks of the business. One man up there was recently detected in having drawn three pensions for the past five years. During the war he was transferred three times, and so he made three different applications in different counties, and his sore leg went through all right, and he now tells that his lawyer put him up to it, and he gave the lawyer one pension and he kept two. The general opinion at Washington is that at least one-half the pensions granted are frauds. But pension money circulates freely, and that is a good thing, and when it gets to circulating down here among our boys we won't complain.

Well, we had a good old-fashioned Christmas at our house, and were thankful that no affliction or calamity had befallen us during the past year. We had sixteen of the posterity at the festive board, and they did eat turkey and et cetera amazing. Next march comes our golden wedding, and then all the distant boys and their wives and children are to gather at the family mansion, and my wife and I will be calm and serene. I read in a life insurance paper that only one married couple in 1,000 live together fifty years. And so the event ought to be celebrated.

BILL ARP.

Teaching a Parrot.

A well-known country squire owned an equally well-known parrot, which he christened Judy, because of his popularity and reputation for saying funny things. On one occasion the squire was expecting his uncle for a visit, and thought it would be great fun if, on the arrival of the said uncle, Judy came out with:

"Halloo, Uncle! How are you?"

So one morning he tried to teach the phrase to the bird. Judy, however, was in a depressed mood, and she couldn't be persuaded to talk or do any of her tricks. The squire who was an irascible man, shouted violently:

"Say uncle! Say uncle! Say uncle, you fool!"

But Judy was obstinate and no threats could make her say a word. The squire thereupon gave way to his wrath, and, seizing Judy by the head, swung her round and round, then threw her out of the window.

About half an hour afterward he heard a great screeching in his fowl yard. He hurried out and beheld 19 of his chickens lying dead, while Judy was pursuing the 20th, at the same time shrieking:

"Say uncle, you fool! Say uncle, you fool!"

When Butler was in command of New Orleans he made, it will be remembered, many arrests for all sorts of reasons.

One eccentric old gentleman who had been excessively indiscreet in his comments upon the current events, and who had been repeatedly but ineffectually warned to hold his tongue, was finally hauled before the cock-eyed man of destiny. It was shortly after the news of Gen. Lee's victory at Fredericksburg had reached New Orleans, and the rebels were very jubilant over it.

"You have been expressing yourself in a very disloyal fashion, I understand, sir," said B. F., with an unusually sour twist of his business eye, "talking very outrageously and in a style calculated to produce mischief."

The old gentleman protested that he had said nothing particularly bad, and suggested that the irate general had been misinformed. But it was to no purpose. Butler waxed more and more indignant, and declared he would send him to Ship Island. After much discussion, however, the sentence was revoked upon the old gentleman's consenting to take the oath, which he was very loath to do. The oath was administered in due form.

"Well, general," queried the old gentleman, after he had been sworn, "I'm a loyal man now, ain't I?"

"Certainly you are," said the general.

"After this oath I'm as loyal in the eyes of the government as you or any one else?"

"Unquestionably."

"And as such I am now at liberty to talk."

"Of course; there can be no doubt of that."

"Well, then, general, confidentially and to go no further, didn't old Bob Lee give us hell at Fredericksburg the other day?"

Her Sunday and Weekday Beaux.

Mrs. Judge Peterby, of Austin, employs a colored cook named Matilda Snowball, who is a great favorite with the sternest sex, but who is very high toned, nevertheless.

"Who was that horrid looking negro I saw prowling about the backyard?" asked Mrs. Peterby, indignantly.

"Dat's a fellow I keeps company wid on week days."

"On week days?"

"Yes, mum; yer don't s'pose I'd be seen wid such a bandy-legged, goggle-eyed poke-a-moke like him on Sundays, does yer? Yer orter see deculud gemmens I keep company wid on Sundays. You'd be s'prised, yer would."

— Reta Kittridge, of Belfast, Me., holds the world's record for fine writing by placing 46,000 words on an ordinary postal card. He began by writing 1000 words on a card; then he put 3000 on; then 6000, 10,000, 20,000, and finally 46,000. He is eighty-five years old, and uses merely a common fine steel pen and ink, together with his regular spectacles. He gets no aid from a magnifying glass or other instruments, yet it is possible to read the writing with the naked eye, so perfect is the lettering. All of his best work is mounted and framed.

— In Morocco a marriage is preceded by seven days' feast accompanied with almost incessant music. And the bride certainly cannot lead a happy life. On one of the nights she may not go to rest, but must lie on the floor, wrapped up in a blanket, while the guests "keep it up," talking, joking and laughing, and do not go home till morning. But the actual wedding day is quite as tiresome. She is "on view" and must sit on a bed with her eyes shut for some hours, while all her neighbors come to have a good stare at her finery, to express their good wishes, and to make a small wedding present.

— A poor young white man and his wife came from North Carolina to Spartanburg, S. C., last week seeking factory employment. Failing to secure work, they set out afoot (for want of money with which to ride) for their old home. While sleeping by a fire in the woods during the first night of their journey, the young woman's clothing caught fire and she was burned to death, and her husband was seriously injured in trying to extinguish the flames. In justice to the generally kind-hearted people in that section it should be stated that the unfortunate couple did not make known their destitute condition.

To The Public.

We are authorized to guarantee every bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and if not satisfactory to refund the money to the purchaser. There is no better medicine made for a gripe, colds and whooping cough. Price, 25 and 50c per bottle. Try it. For sale by Hill-Orr Drug Co.

— The inhabitants of the Andaman islands are the smallest race of human beings known—that is, taken as an average. The height of a full grown Andamanian seldom exceeds 3½ feet and few weigh over 65 pounds.

The Privilege of Loyalty.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— Wise is the baggage smasher who wears a chest protector.

— Nothing succeeds like the success of some people's failures.

— A small rent in a reputation soon becomes a large hole.

— When some men make mistakes they repeat them by way of apology.

— A poli-h on a man's coat doesn't help him to get into society.

— People who never get down to business seldom get up in the world.

— Probably Niagara falls because the bed of the river can't hold it up.

— This is the glad season of the year when the plumber gets square with the ice man.

— Its a pity women can't strike out from the shoulder with her fist as well as with her tongue.

— To do much good and make but little noise is a singular thing. Some say much but do nothing; but Christians should do much and say nothing.

— Prickly Ash Bitters cures the kidneys, regulates the liver and purifies the bowels. A valuable system tonic. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

— The late Senator Brice, of Ohio, carried \$500,000 worth of insurance on his life at the time of his death, on all of which he had paid but one premium.

— The attempt to serve God with out love is like rowing against the tide. Love makes duty sweet. The angels are swift-winged in God's service because they love Him.

— An orator said to his audience: "I am speaking for the benefit of posterity," when someone shouted, "Yes; and if you don't get done soon they'll be here!"

— "You had better ask for manner-money," said a finely dressed gentleman to a beggar who asked for alms. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the cutting reply.

— The Rev. Dr. Hall said every blade of grass was a sermon. The next day he was amusing himself by clipping his lawn, when a parishioner said: "That's right, doctor, cut your sermons short."

— An Irishman going to the post office inquired if there were any letters for him. "Your name, sir," said the clerk. "There is a good one, now," said the Irishman, "why don't you see it on the back of the letter?"

— Kind Father—My dear, if you want a good husband, marry Mr. Goodheart. He really and truly loves you. Daughter—Are you sure of that, pa? Kind Father—Yes, indeed. I've been borrowing money of him for six months and he still keeps coming.

— It has been calculated by a Genesee journal that the discovery of America cost about \$7500. Columbus had a salary of \$333; the captains of the Nina and Pinta got \$180 each; the sailors received \$250 each per month. The outfit of the expedition amounted to \$2800.

A system regulator is a medicine that strengthens and stimulates the liver, kidneys, stomach and bowels. Prickly Ash Bitters is a superior system regulator. It drives out all unhealthy conditions, promotes activity of body and brain, restores good appetite, sound sleep and cheerful spirits. Sold by Evans Pharmacy.

— It was the beautiful expression of a Christian who had been rich, when he was asked how he could bear his reduced state so happily: "When I was rich, I had God in everything; and now that I am poor, I have everything in God."

— Coleridge was acknowledged to be a bad rider. One day, riding down a street, he was accosted by a would be wit: "I say, do you know what happened to Balaam?" Came the answer sharp and quick: "The same has happened to me. An ass spoke to him."

— A minister, who had been accused of preaching a sermon that was not his own, went to a parishioner who had made the charge, and asked him to retract it. "Well," said the parishioner, "I thought, when I heard that sermon, that it was taken from a book I had at home; but when I went home and looked into the book—I found it was all there."

— The Canadian government has purchased 140 Esquimo dogs for shipment to the Klondike regions, where the canines will be used to carry the mails. The animals were imported from Greenland and Labrador at a cost of \$50 each, and were selected for their superiority in speed, training and weight.

— "The high sea" begins a marine league or three miles from land, a country's jurisdiction extending three miles out from its coast. This distance was originally chosen because it was as far as a gun would carry in the seventeenth century, when the rule was first fixed. Nowadays, when modern guns carry so much farther, the rule might be revised, but it has not been done.

— One evening a man was performing the old trick of producing eggs from a pocket handkerchief, when he remarked to a little boy in front. "Say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?" "Of course she can," said the boy. "Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror. "She keeps ducks!" replied the little boy, amid roars of laughter.

THE MAGNETIC HAMMER.

A Traveler's Tale of an Uncommon Episode in a Country Store.

"Standing one day in a country store," said a traveler, "I saw drive up a traveling dealer who carried his stock with him, his turnout being of a kind more commonly seen years ago than now, in these days of easier railroad communication and more frequent drummers. The wagon was big and heavy, but the body hung gracefully on platform springs, the rear hanging a little lower than the forward end. The running part was stout, but well designed and finished. The body of the wagon was like a long, deep box, the top being fixed and permanent. For a space of perhaps three feet forward from the rear end the body was built up a little higher, with a vertical face at the front, down to the roof. It was as though the rear end of the wagon had been carried up a low story higher than the rest. Midway between the face of this higher rear part and the driver's seat there was another higher section extending across the roof from side to side, but narrow.

"The sides of the wagon body were paneled off. The moldings marked the spaces into which the interior was divided, and access to the compartments was had by doors in the sides and the end. The seat at the forward end of the wagon was capacious and comfortable, and there was over it a substantial leather top that would keep out any weather. Attached to this wagon there was a pair of big, good looking, well fed horses that could haul it anywhere. Take it all together, the outfit had an air of solidity, combined with no small degree of rakishness. It was an outfit such as any man might reasonably be proud of.

"I don't remember what he was selling, but it was something packed in boxes. He brought in a sample—he was a rather tall man, with a head, with a good natured eye and a quiet manner—and the merchant bought some. Then he went out to his wagon again and brought in the goods, and he brought with him a cardboard placard which evidently he intended to put up in the store.

"Rising in the center of the store was a large, square wooden pillar supporting overhead a big cross beam, upon which, I suppose, the inner ends of the floor beams rested. When he had laid the goods down on the counter, he picked up the card that he had brought in with him and turned toward the square pillar in the center of the store. He had located it when he came in, or I guess he knew it. He and the storekeeper didn't talk very much, but I thought they seemed to know each other. No doubt he had been there before.

"The big, square post was covered with just such cards as he had brought in, tacked on all over, all around as high as a man could reach, and I couldn't see where he was going to get his card in, but he walked over to the post just as though there were plenty of room there. He took a paper of tacks out of his pocket and sifted out four into the palm of his left hand and then put them into his mouth. Then he placed his left hand against the side of the post and pushed it up until the bottom of it was clear of the top of the highest card on that side. He could do this because he was pretty tall, and he was simply holding on to his card at the bottom. But I couldn't see yet how he was going to reach up to tack it at the top.

"But he tried it up on the face of the post with both hands calmly, and then, holding it with one hand, he reached into his outside coat pocket for his hammer. It was just a small tack hammer with rather a long handle. He carried the head of the hammer up to his mouth, and when he withdrew it there was a tack sticking to the face of it. The head of the hammer was magnetized, and the smooth, flat top of the head of the tack stuck to its face, the point projecting in line with the hammer's head. All he had to do was to reach up. With a single tap he drove the tack through the card at one corner away up at the top easily. Then he drove a tack through the other upper corner in the same manner, and then he drove in a couple of tacks at the bottom and dropped the hammer in his pocket. Then he went out and got on his wagon and drove off."—New York Sun.

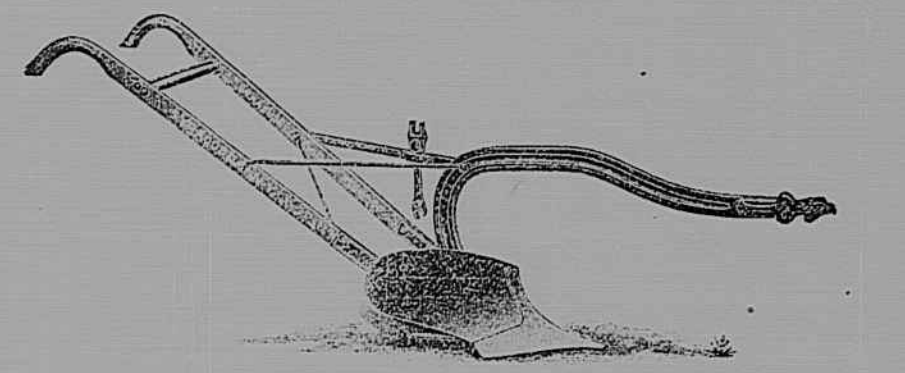
Zanesville's Joke.

Here is a choice bit of humor which is believed to be an original product of Zanesville. A Terrance car was "wending its way" toward the zenith ward late the other afternoon through a tremendous downpour of rain. The attention of some passengers who were gazing idly through the windows was attracted to a woman who, out in the midst of the shower, was struggling to get a tub beneath a rainspout. "Well, now," exclaimed one of the passengers, "do look at that fool woman trying to catch soft water when it's raining hard!" This may not be new, but no person to whom it has so far been related recalls having seen it in any of the almanacs.—Exchange.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by 'steward'?" Johnny—"A steward is a man that doesn't mind his own business." Teacher—"Why, where did you get that idea?" Johnny—"Well, I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said: 'A man who attends to the affairs of others.'"

— It frequently happens that one man invents something and some other man gets the money for it.

Take it
Don't wear your working apron all the time—it's a sign of poor management. Do all your cleaning with
GOLD DUST Washing Powder
and you can change your working clothes for resting clothes early in the day. It saves time, work and worry. Largest package—greatest economy.
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.



Experts disagree on almost everything, but when the subject touches upon the great Superiority of

THE GREAT SYRACUSE TURN PLOW

There is but one opinion, and that is that it is the best Plow on earth. Syracuse Plows are designed right, made right, sold right. They will turn land where others have failed, and build for themselves a demand wherever introduced. The popularity of this Plow comes from genuine merit. Competitors will tell you that they have something just as good, but don't be deceived—there is but one best, and that is the SYRACUSE. We also sell the—

SYRACUSE HARROWS,

And Syracuse Harrows, like Syracuse Plows, are thoroughly Up-to-Date. See us before buying.

Yours truly,

BROCK BROS.

— There are plenty of people in the world who practically grumble because they can't find something to grumble about.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.
Condensed schedule in Effect Oct. 16, 1898.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Condensed schedule in Effect

Oct. 16, 1893.

SEABOARD

TO ATLANTA, CHARLOTTE, WILMINGTON, NEW ORLEANS AND NEW YORK, BOSTON, RICHMOND, WASHINGTON, NORFOLK, PORTSMOUTH.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT JULY 13, 1890.

SOUTHEAST.

No. 403.

No. 41.

Lv New York, via Penn R.	8:11 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
Lv Philadelphia,	" 12 pm	12:05 a.m.
Lv Baltimore,	" 3 15 pm	2 50 a.m.
Lv Washington,	" 4 40 pm	4 30 a.m.
Lv Richmond, A. C. L.	" 8 56 pm	8 05 a.m.
Lv Norfolk via S. A. L.	" 3 36 pm	9 06 a.m.
Lv Portsmouth,	" 8 45 pm	8 15 a.m.

Lv Weldon,	" 11 25 pm	11 51 a.m.
Ar Henderson,	" 12 56 a.m.	1 48 pm
Ar Durham,	" 7 32 a.m.	14 16 pm
Lv Durham,	" 17 00 pm	7 19 a.m.

Ar Raleigh, via S. A. L.	" 26 pm	3 40 pm
Ar Norfolk,	" 3 35 a.m.	3 05 pm
Ar Southern Pines "	" 4 23 a.m.	5 58 pm
Ar Havel,	" 5 07 a.m.	6 56 pm
Ar Wadesboro,	" 5 53 a.m.	8 10 pm
Ar Monroe,	" 6 43 a.m.	9 12 pm
Ar Wilmington "	" "	12 05 pm

Ar Charlotte,	" 7 50 a.m.	10 25 pm
Ar Chester,	" 8 03 a.m.	10 56 pm

Lv Columbia, C. & N. E. R.	" "	16 00 pm
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Ar Clinton S. A. L.	" 9 45 a.m.	12 14 pm
Ar Greenwood,	" 10 31 a.m.	1 07 a.m.
Ar Abbeville,	" 11 03 a.m.	1 35 a.m.
Ar Elberton,	" 12 07 pm	2 04 a.m.
Ar Athens,	" 1 13 pm	2 40 a.m.
Ar Winder,	" 1 56 pm	4 28 a.m.
Ar Atlanta, S. A. L. (Cen. Time)	2 50 pm	5 20 a.m.

NORTHWEST.

No. 402.

No. 38.

Lv Atlanta, S. A. L. (Cen. Time)	" 12 00 m.	7 50 pm
Lv Winder,	" 2 10 pm	10 40 pm
Ar Athens,	" 3 13 pm	11 15 pm
Ar Elberton,	" 4 07 pm	12 05 pm
Ar Abbeville,	" 4 53 pm	1 00 a.m.
Ar Greenwood,	" 5 43 pm	1 50 a.m.
Ar Clinton S. A. L.	" 6 31 pm	2 40 a.m.

Lv Weldon,	" 11 25 pm	11 51 a.m.
Ar Henderson,	" 12 56 a.m.	1 48 pm
Ar Durham,	" 7 32 a.m.	14 16 pm
Lv Durham,	" 17 00 pm	7 19 a.m.

Ar Raleigh, via S. A. L.	" 26 pm	3 40 pm
Ar Norfolk,	" 3 35 a.m.	3 05 pm
Ar Southern Pines "	" 4 23 a.m.	5 58 pm
Ar Havel,	" 5 07 a.m.	6 56 pm
Ar Wadesboro,	" 5 53 a.m.	8 10 pm
Ar Monroe,	" 6 43 a.m.	9 12 pm
Ar Wilmington "	" "	12 05 pm

Ar Charlotte,	" 7 50 a.m.	10 25 pm
Ar Chester,	" 8 03 a.m.	10 56 pm

Lv Columbia, C. & N. E. R.	" "	16 00 pm
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STATIONS.	Ex. Sun.	Daily
No. 37.	No. 37.	No. 11.
Lv. Charleston	7:30 a.m.	11:05 a.m.
Lv. Columbia	11:15 a.m.	12:10 p.m.
" Newberry	6:10 a.m.	12:10 p.m.
" Ninety-Six	6:25 a.m.	12:25 p.m.
" Greenwood	7:22 a.m.	1:20 p.m.
" Hodges	7:40 a.m.	1:55 p.m.
Ar. Abbeville	8:00 a.m.	2:15 p.m.
Ar. Belton	8:40 a.m.	2:45 p.m.
Ar. Anderson	9:55 a.m.	3:35 p.m.
Ar. Greenville	10:15 a.m.	4:15 p.m.
Ar. Atlanta	11:30 a.m.	5:30 p.m.

STATIONS.	Ex. Sun.	Daily
No. 18.	No. 18.	No. 12.
Lv. Greenville	5:30 p.m.	10:15 a.m.
" Piedmont	6:40 p.m.	11:25 a.m.
" Williamson.	7:50 p.m.	12:35 p.m.
Lv. Anderson	8:45 p.m.	1:40 a.m.
Ar. Belton	6:45 p.m.	11:15 a.m.
Ar. Donalds	7:15 p.m.	11:40 a.m.
Lv. Abbeville	6:11 p.m.	11:20 a.m.
Lv. Hodges	7:30 p.m.	11:55 a.m.
" Greenwood	8:00 p.m.	12:40 p.m.
" Ninety-Six	8:19 p.m.	12:54 p.m.
" Newberry	8:39 p.m.	1:14 p.m.
Ar. Prosperity	8:50 p.m.	1:24 p.m.
" Columbia	" "	3:30 p.m.
Ar. Charleston	6:40 p.m.	3:30 p.m.

Daily	Daily	Daily
No. 9.	No. 9.	No. 10.
5:30 p.m.	7:30 a.m.	11:05 a.m.
8:30 a.m.	11:30 a.m.	12:10 p.m.
10:40 a.m.	12:10 p.m.	1:20 p.m.
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10:40 a.m.	12:10 p.m.	1:20 p.m.
10:40 a.m.	12:10 p.m.	1:20 p.m.
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